



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CATHERINE WHITNEY

Death last week, with terrifyingly dramatic gesture, took two women away from Carmel. We have known one of them long enough and well enough to say these things about her, frankly and without reserve:

There are a number of young men and young women in Carmel today who are living their lives fuller and deeper because as boys and girls they came to know and love the brilliant spirit, warming heart and lovely countenance that were Catherine Whitney. She took to her breast many a troubled head and straightened out the thinking that went on turbulently within it. Many a girl, whose way ahead looked ragged and full of stones, has stepped out boldly into sunshine and over flowered paths with Catherine Whitney firmly clasping her hand—and not so figuratively at that.

Together with her husband, Willard, who saw eye to eye with her in this, she was not content with ministering to minds and hearts alone, but filled many gnawing stomachs of the poor during those trying years with the substantial food of life from the Whitney kitchen.

Recently forced into a business that neither of them liked, by the compelling circumstance that wields the yardstick on the survival of the fittest, Catherine and Willard Whitney carried on with their love and consideration for mankind dictating their commercial affairs.

Carmel has lost a fine woman, a noble spirit, in the death of Catherine Whitney. There are no words with which to tell what Willard Whitney has lost.

**WHAT WE THINK ABOUT
CARMEL'S FUTURE**

An upstanding young man whose business is play called on us not so long ago and wanted our ideas about supervised, community recreation for Carmel. He had apparently been informed that something of the sort was in a manner right down our alley. We were glad to see him and glad, it must be admitted, that he gave us an opportunity to air our views regarding the utter lack of municipal provision for community play in Carmel.

We minced no words in telling Walter Gottlund, for that was the upstanding young man's name, what we thought about this dereliction on the part of our fair city, and we elaborated considerably, reaching out far into the future, on our own program for rectifying this error. Gottlund is head of the recreation project of the WPA for Monterey County. He listened to us respectfully, flattering us that he was possibly being edified by what we said. Maybe, even with his short experience, he has learned that art, and maybe we got nowhere with him, but he let us talk.

What we said, we have in part said before. But as time creeps on, we find ourselves adding to our ideas and expanding them and generally widening the circle of their scope. With the very recent and somewhat indefinite announcement of the official opening of the Carmel-San Simeon Highway sometime this month, we have done considerably

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

CITY OUT TIDY SUM OF \$2,634.77, AUDIT OF 1926-36 BOOKS SHOWS

SUNSET STAGES GRADUATION PROGRAM ON TUESDAY

Forty-seven eighth grade pupils of Sunset School will be given their diplomas of graduation at exercises to be held Tuesday evening in the school auditorium beginning at 7:45 o'clock.

The program will include selections from the school orchestra and glee club. "A Book of the Class of 1937," portraying desirable character and personality traits, will be presented in song and story by groups of pupils. Otto W. Bardarson, principal of the school and district superintendent, will present the 1937 class and the members will be given their diplomas by Adolph G. E. Hanke, chairman of the Sunset board of trustees. At the close of the program the orchestra will play the recessional.

The graduates are:

Katherine Baggett	Martin Artellan
Lucille Finn	Donald Berry
Eleanor Hart	Alfred Black
Harriet Hatton	John Castro
Donna Hodges	William Coffin
Marjorie Hoyt	Evan Cowley
Betty Hunter	George De Anisral
Jacqueline Klein	Hugh Dormody
Carol Larson	Peter Elliott
Charlotte May	Bobby Froli
Madeline McDonough	Gerald Ray
Elaine McEntire	Charles Gansel
Yvonne Mercurio	George Gossler
Arthur Strasburger	Ann Millis
Dorothy Nash	Harold Johnson
Lillian Ohm	Orville Jones
Geraldine Shepard	Bobby Mayes
Mary Jane Uzzell	Irving Parker
Alice Vidoroni	Edward Ricketts
Clara May Walls	Monty Stearns
Joan Warren	Danny Villepondo
Ann Whitman	Golden Whitman
Dick Williams	Robert Garguilo
Emma Ann Wishart	

YOU CAN BE EXPECTING FRANK LLOYD TO DROP INTO POETRY SOON

Frank and Marjorie Lloyd and the small Lloyd editions, Frank III and Jennefer, drove over from Santa Cruz last week-end. Marjorie says they have a swell house in Santa Cruz with lurid purple wallpaper and outside, though modern, plumbing. The place was built for an extra special "Bohemian" but the new Santa Cruz News sports editor and frau are finding it quite to their liking. They are on a point to the north of town where they can see the sunrise over the water and the sunset over the water, too. We'll be getting poetry from our "Poet and Peasant."

LEGION BARBECUE PROMISES MUCH THIS SUNDAY

Sunday is the day the American Legion stages its steak barbecue at the Indian Village on the Seventeen-Mile Drive. It would be a bit foolish to miss this. Some of those Legionnaires are good on cooking and striving if you get the right ones. The right ones, it is promised, will be on hand to do their stuff. The tickets they all have—and all are good at selling tickets.

Tad Stinson Joins Spain's Loyal Forces

Tad Stinson's gone to war. He's somewhere behind the lines of the Spanish loyalists, but whether he's shooting at the rebels, or caring for his wounded brothers-in-arms is not definite. What word has come to Elise Stinson since Tad made connections with his adopted forces, censorship being what it is, doesn't make it clear whether he is a combatant or an ambulance driver.

Elise and her son, Stuart, now 13 years old (that makes us feel a bit aged, eh, Doc?) were down from San Francisco over the weekend, visiting at the George W. Reamer home. She says that Tad departed for the Spanish war zone in March and she knows that he reached his destination, although details of his soldier-of-fortuning are not forthcoming.

Tad and Elise and Stuart, who was Sonny to Carmel, lived here for a few years back in and around 1926-27, etc., and were delightful additions to the younger community life. Tad played opposite Ruth Kuster in Ted Kuster's quite successful production of "Dulcy." He and Elise, as we have aforementioned, ran the "Stool Pigeon," a sort of a Dutch furniture joint on Dolores street for a spell.

They have been living in San Francisco for some years. Elise is on the Writers Project there.

Sunset District Elects Trustee This Day

Today's the day on which, all things running true to form and good judgment, Doris Watson will find herself, come twilight, elected a member of the board of trustees of the Sunset Elementary School District.

If all Mrs. Watson's friends and friends of the school district go to the polls, or poll (there is going to be only one—at Sunset School) she will get far many more votes than she needs, but in compliment to her it wouldn't be a bad idea for all of them to go.

It won't cost you anything to register your desire that Mrs. Watson move into the chair to be vacated by Helen Levinson, manifesting your conviction that she will fill it with as much credit to the district and to herself, as Mrs. Levinson did—to the district and to herself. And it would be a nice gesture of your faith which should gratify Mrs. Watson greatly on the setting of today's sun.

At the same time as the Sunset School District election, and at the same polling place, you can register your choice of candidates for the one vacancy to occur on the Monterey Union High School District board of trustees. William Thurston Brown, resident of Carmel and for many years on the faculty of the Menlo Junior College, is a candidate for the place, opposing the incumbent, Maurice Brenner.

ASSESSMENTS OMITTED, INTEREST NOT CHARGED, PENALTIES UNPAID COUNCIL TOLD; MISS VAN BROWER DEFENDS SELF ON MANY COUNTS

"Dear Sirs and Madam: We have prepared and submit herewith a report of our audit—" reads a communication to the city council, received at a special session last night, and for the first time in the history of so-called Carmel-by-the-Sea, the city knows where it is at—and where it is at is not so hot.

In a nutshell, Clayton L. Shaff, of Shaff Brothers, Monterey, certified public accountants, informs the city council and the taxpayers that in the

CITY ASSESSOR ANSWERS CHARGES IN REPORT OF AUDITOR

Saidee Van Brower, city clerk and assessor, comes vehemently to her own defense in the matter of the city audit which she contends does her much injustice.

Saidee came into THE CYMBAL office, sat across the desk from us, and spoke to us with that earnestness and determination that is characteristic of her. She said many things, most of them couched in the technical terms that are always a bit beyond us, but what we did understand was, in part, as follows:

"Of course, I make mistakes. I am not infallible. But I have worked hard and unselfishly for this city for many years. If there are errors that are mine, I will admit them, but many of them are not mine. As for parts of the report that seem to reflect on my integrity, I can show conclusively that I did nothing wrong as a public official or private citizen, and officials of the city will bear me out in this. I am sure that when the auditor's report is examined by the city attorney, he will absolve me of any intentional fault."

"I have worked alone in that office since first elected and yet the work has increased tremendously with the growth of the city. In order to keep up with the work I have worked many more hours than a working day time and time again. I am glad to have the audit, and I think as a public official I am entitled to an annual audit which would make impossible many of the errors that have crept in."

In this last contention of Saidee's, we most heartily agree. And to her exertion and tireless efforts we can personally attest.

LANGSTON HUGHES DROPS IN; HAS JUST FINISHED OPERA

Langston Hughes smiled in on us yesterday. He has just completed the libretto for an opera, the music for which is being written by William Grant Still. He dropped in on his way from Hollywood east. He will stop over at Denver and Salt Lake to lecture, and then, after a short stay in New York, sail for Europe, conducting a tour for a travel bureau.

Mrs. John Neil Kirk will be hostess to about 50 children at a party to be given June 10 at Sunset School.

matter of Special Improvement District Bond Funds, the city is out just \$2,634.77 through assessments omitted, approximate interest uncollected and approximate penalties unimposed.

And the catch in the story is that the city can never get it back.

In the letter accompanying the audit, which covers the period from January 1, 1926 to December 31, 1936, Shaff tells the city council:

"A report on each of the Districts is attached hereto in the order named. In addition thereto we have prepared a summary of errors and omissions which should be given special attention by the council. The other errors listed in the reports are a matter of bookkeeping and will be adjusted when the new accounting system is installed. We have also prepared and attach hereto a reconciliation of funds and balances and a reconciliation of delinquent assessments on December 31, 1936."

Then, in between the heretoes and the theretoes, are listed the following Improvement Funds which have been audited and the amounts discovered missing owing to the aforesaid assessments omitted, interest uncollected and penalties unimposed:

Carpenter and Ocean	\$1,186.78
Second Sewer	1,010.65
First Sewer	216.76
San Carlos street	6.59
Seventh street	3.48
Twelfth street	24.23
General Taxes	186.28
Total	\$2,634.77

The audit as submitted to the council last night was begun last November, a few months after a

(Continued on Page Four)

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The guaranteed net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of May 28, 1937) was as follows:

CARMEL DISTRICT	
Paid Subscribers.....	358
Newsstand and Street Sales.....	191
Total, Carmel District.....	549
OUTSIDE CARMEL DISTRICT	
Paid Subscribers.....	125
Total, Paid Circulation.....	674
Gain over previous week.....	24

(The total paid circulation of THE CYMBAL in the Carmel District—Carmel, Carmel Highlands, and Pebble Beach—is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.)

(Continued from Page One)
more adding, expanding and widening.

Our eye, as we told him, is on the mouth of the Carmel River; on a semi-aquatic park down there. We believe it will come to that as we grow, as we are bound to grow, as soon as we are placed on a through highway. Our situation will be similar to a city a couple of generations ago suddenly having a railroad move over alongside of it, only more so. The San Simeon Highway is going to carry more people to and from the south than the old railroad would; than the present railroad does. It will put Carmel on the map in a manner other than just giving the people an idea that it is a quaint little village that houses artists and writers to a man—and woman—and that they must see it sometime. And with their seeing it, in the volume that the San Simeon Highway will permit, it will cease to have any vestige of quaintness and artists and writers will become just people earning a dubious living.

In other cruel words, Carmel as was, and as partly is, is doomed. There are no two or three words about that. This does not mean that eternal vigilance will not help to make it something else almost as good as it has been, or that it will not continue to be a most delightful place in which to live. But we must at last face the inevitable; we must be willing to pay the price of commercial growth. We must be prepared for mounting population figures.

Beyond paying the price for this increase in businesses and in residents, we must also prepare to take care of them. We must be prepared to provide the people who are coming to live here with municipal assistance in living. Above and beyond all this, we must, as a community, make provision for entertaining their children as well as educating them. We must, in self-protection, assist them in growing up to be men and women who will be able to take care of community affairs when we have to hand the reins over to them.

Community recreation on a large scale is the answer to this problem. It is our editorial view that at no one point either in or adjacent to the city does a greater opportunity present itself for this than at the mouth of the Carmel River.

There, the children of this community, for many years in its growth, can be given ample room for recreation. There also can be built up a place of recreation for adults, recreation such as is sought and expected in a seaside city. There, there are acres of sand dunes. There, with a little assistance by man, a great pool, with intermingled fresh and salt water, can be created. Through tide gates the ocean can daily freshen it. Boating can be provided. And, which makes it a perfect set-up, there will be no homes within a sufficient distance to be annoyed or to be annoying.

This is something of what we told this upstanding man whose business is play. We believe in it as a program. We know that little gestures such as two tennis courts tucked away in the woods, or a few pieces of playground apparatus on the Forest Theater property, are not the answer. The thing must be gone at in a big way. It's a big problem, and Carmel, destined to be one of the popular ocean resorts on the coast, must prepare itself for the objectionable metamorphosis.

—W. K. B.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS can get most any kind of a man a good wife—if she can read.

Just Suppose Smitty Stumbled Into The Blue and the Blonde

"Smitty, it's a tan sedan. Remember, it's a TAN sedan, not a blue one. If you get into that blue one, I'll scream. There's a blonde in the blue one, and the blondes are death on you; they don't agree with you—you know they don't. You remember, last summer—Don't forget, Smitty, I'm in a tan sedan. I'm in a tan sedan—waiting—waiting—Smitty."

That's all nonsense, but what's one to do with one's imagination, we ask you? What's one to do with one's imagination, we interrogate again, when one is confronted at the post office, pinned on the wall above one of the desks, with the torn back of an envelope on which is scrawled:

"Smitty.
Down on the Beach—to left of this main st.—in folks La-salle Sedan (tan)
Bun."
We stood and pondered that

torn back of an envelope, or back of a torn envelope; pondered the scrawl, pondered the possible brunette who penned it; pondered the possible sense of direction we hoped was Smitty's; pondered his sense of color. Tan? Would he know tan when he saw it? Would he know a LaSalle (sic)? Would he know a Sedan? If, by chance he went color-blind and fell into a blue one, and into the blonde, would he get out? Would it disagree with him if he didn't?

There was another little note thumb-tacked up beside this one on the torn back of an envelope, or the back of a torn envelope. It offered the services of an experienced teacher to tutor children.

Academic education, forsooth—think what Smitty might have learned from the blonde—if he didn't know a LaSalle, if he didn't know a Sedan, if blue looked like tan to him.

click of the camera but they told him he was good in his first acting role. We think he's good in about everything he does. —V. S.

MARY ACKROYD PROUDLY SHOWS WAXING ROLL OF SCOUTS AND BROWNIES

An increase of 151 Girl Scouts and Brownies in the last year was the interesting announcement made by Mary Ackroyd in her final report to the Monterey Council of Girl Scouts. For 1936 the total was 165 and the 1937 figures are 316. There has been an apportionate increase in leaders and officers, although it will be necessary to increase the number of leaders in order to handle the overly large groups of Girl Scouts and Brownies. The Peninsula groups rate very high in the state organization for progressive ideas and are near the top in their nature study program.

The Girl Scout Camp, which is on the Frank Hatton property in Corral de Tierra, will open June 13 for two 10-day periods. The camp membership will be mostly girls from the Monterey Peninsula, but several have been invited from other towns in the county.

SUNSET GRADUATES PLAN ANNUAL PARTY TUESDAY

The annual party for members of the graduating class of Sunset School will be held in the downstairs auditorium directly after the commencement ceremonies Tuesday evening. Mrs. Frank Hatton, Room Mother, is chairman of the event, which is given by the parents and relatives of the children. There will be a five-piece orchestra for dancing, and refreshments, and the hall will be decorated in the class colors of blue and white. Only members of this year's graduating class are invited, since the accommodations are not sufficient for more than this group.

The graduating class of Sunset School was entertained at a costume party last Friday evening at the Mission Ranch Club by Hugh Dormody, Jr., a member of the class.

CARMEL CAPERS

Your devoted correspondent is noticeably battered and frayed about the edges, having spent last week in San Francisco trying to blaze a trail through the scuttling, swarming mass of corn-fed Fiesta celebrants.

Caught in the onrushing tide, we were thrown up under a statue of "Native Sons" on Market street from whence we were witness to one of the numerous parades. There was something infinitely touching about the small but exuberant out-of-town drunk who staggered bravely in the wake of the very martial display, waving a straw hat in one hand and an American flag in the other.

We crossed the bridge just as the sun was setting Friday evening and although we have decided to refrain from adding to the rhapsodic stuff already spewed forth about the Bay Bridge, it was majestically lovely in that pale, nigrescent light.

With the aid of Tommy Hooper's genial hospitality and numerous large kegs of beer, his barbecue, held up the Carmel Valley on Thursday last was notably successful. We don't know whether or not to give credence to the report that several of the hardier revelers braved the sombre depths of the swimming pool that night.

The old maestro, Eddie Fitzpatrick, stopped in Carmel with his new and very charming wife for a short visit. He has been barging about the country all winter and intends taking over an orchestra in Chicago this fall.

Some of the boys at the Manzanita Club may be gratified to learn that a certain big winner is temporarily forsaking poker to enter the investment and securities racket in San Francisco.

Mort Henderson again graces Carmel, having returned from an

oil-drilling jaunt in Hermosa.
Phil Nesbitt has grown a bit weary of the mad whirl of village social life. He plans to build a house high on a hill with a view of the sea (somewhat in the Blanding tradition)—and with a rabbit hutch and rabbits for moments of recreation (somewhat in the tradition of Lennie in "Of Mice and Men").

Anyone thinking of an appropriate name for Malcolm Macbeth's new Welch terrier puppy will please write in to this writer (Box 1046).

The reward, generously offered by our editor, will be one year's subscription to THE CYMBAL.

—LIBBY LEY

(Note to Libby: You are respectfully referred to Jessie Joan Brown's "Dog Days" column in this here same paper. Contest is off. Jessie Joan is one of the family and can't compete for prizes. —Editor)

ROSALIND SHARP GRADUATED FROM A TO ZED SCHOOL

Rosalind Sharp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Sharp of Carmel, was graduated yesterday from the A to Zed School in Berkeley. At the graduation exercises, Rosalind read the school poem which she wrote for the event. She will remain in Berkeley this summer to study drama in summer sessions at the University of California.

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Here's the Dope on Bert Heron's New Racket

Bert Heron's Shakespeare-Reading Group will move on to the second act of Macbeth next Tuesday evening. The plan is to read each act separately several times and then give three final readings of the whole play—the last to be public. There is a small bit of finances which needs explaining since this is a non-profit organization. The group will take three months to each play and those who read will be charged a dollar for the full period to cover the cost of their books. Those who come to listen will drop 10 cents in the basket and for the final evening when the formal public reading is given, there will be a charge of 30 cents.

The readings will begin at 8 o'clock sharp in the main court of the Seven Arts Building at Lincoln and Ocean and will take place every Tuesday night.

Among those who will join in the reading next Tuesday evening will be Betty Reynolds, Jessie Brown, Sally Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Miller, Mrs. John Mather, Mrs. Ethel Warren, Clara Kellogg, Eloise Carwyle, Mrs. J. C. Herron, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Otto, Henry Dickinson, Franklin Dixon, Joe Schoeninger, J. L. Schroeder and Bert (himself) Heron.

Library Exhibit Is on Monterey

Books on Monterey and Early California from the Carmel Library are on exhibit in the windows of the Fee building, next door to the library. This is the third library exhibit since Miss Elizabeth Niles, librarian, conceived the idea of grouping selections from the shelves on a particular subject and presenting them at a timely period. The first group concerned Good Will Day, celebrated Tuesday, May 18. Last week's selection led up to a study of the background and significance of Decoration Day, May 30. The exhibit this week, put in Tuesday morning, refers generally to the celebration of Monterey's 167th birthday, which is June 3.

It requires a bit of research to make the selection of books for the window but it is such interesting work that several people have submitted ideas for an exhibit and have asked to assemble the books themselves. This week's window has been arranged by Virginia Scardigli of THE CYMBAL staff.

La Collecta Club met at the home of Miss Elizabeth Morgan on Fifth street near Dolores last Wednesday afternoon. The theme of the gathering was oriental, with refreshments and decorations in keeping. Mrs. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., read a paper on the life of the great Japanese Christian leader, Kagawa.

"15 Plus 15 Plus 15 Are 45," Mutters Paul Whitman in the Dead of Night

"Fifteen and 15 are 30 and 30 and 15 are—15 plus 15 make 30, plus 15 make 45, and three times—15 and 15 and 15 are 45 and 45 three times is—"

Paul Whitman speaking—in a nightmare—most any one of these nights—last night, probably tomorrow night, and the next night and, it might be safe to predict, on the night some 50 years hence when he is about to shuffle off this mortal confusion.

Paul memorized the thing this last week on the long gasoline trek of 500 miles and odd from Trinity County. It might be in order to say that Chuck Fuller and John Ward drilled him in it. When you hear the story you can understand how they would drill him in it, and do it with all the gentleness of the proverbial and traditional top sergeant.

It was like this:

John and Chuck and Paul depart about a week ago for the Trinity country and for a fat lake therein, a lake fat with trout, luscious, juicy, much-to-be-craved trout.

The law says the limit for each man is 15. So, the boys go out on the lake the first day. They keep good count. In the bottom of their boat is, or are, a good three inches of water. Flop go the trout from

the hooks to the bottom of the boat, to remain alive, though a bit confined, in the water. Thirty-nine, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44 and—ah, there she is—45.

Back they row to the camp. In the water beside the camp is a box. Into the box go the 45. Alive and kicking they are, and so are to remain until the three-day fishing jaunt is over. The second day the same—43, 44 and—ah, there she is—45. Back to camp and into the box with the 45 others. That, if you can add straight, is 90. Not so terrible. The next day is the same.

Now for home: The three times 45 are to be packed into the car.

They'll all be perfectly good on arrival in Carmel.

It is Paul's job to lift the box from the lake.

He bends over.

He grasps with both hands.

He lifts—and—

THE BOTTOM DROPS OUT!

"Fifteen and 15 are 30 and 30 and 15 are—15 plus 15 make 30, plus 15 make—"

Paul Whitman muttering—and up in Carmel Woods; most any night now, the frogs listen, and the crickets and all the little creeping things that, for some purpose, God has made.

ROACH ABSOLVED OF BLAME IN DEATH OF RE

Milton Roach, an employe of the Smoke Shop, who was arrested on a charge of involuntary manslaughter following the death last week of Giacinto Re, was absolved of blame by a coroner's jury at an inquest in Monterey Tuesday. The jury reached the verdict that Re came to his death from a fractured skull suffered when he fell to the sidewalk following a scuffle with Roach. The lunchroom employe was attempting to eject Roach from the place when the fatal accident happened. Re was taken into custody on a drunkenness charge and died the following morning.

DUMMAGE BUILDING DELAY CAUSED BY SURVEY

The final total of building permits for the month of May took a downward swoop because of the scratching of the Mary Dummage commercial building on Ocean and Lincoln. The building is being held over because of a delay in the surveying of the property line and was therefore subtracted from the May total, which now stands at \$37,971, instead of \$45,449.

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Community Church Children's Day This Sunday

Children of the Community Church will have much to do with the program of services at the church this Sunday morning.

A program made up largely of child participation will climax the Church School year and will bring to the attention of adults the educational work of the church for children.

The theme of the service will be "Hearing God Speak," and will be built around the hymn of that title. The program will also include a brief promotion service for the boys and girls advancing into the junior department. Each child finishing the third grade will be given a Bible.

There will be a baptism service, and a reception of members into the church. A special offering will be taken in the interests of the Children's Day Education Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller were guests of the Henry Russells in a box at the races last Monday.

Perry Newberry Gets Building Permit

Perry Newberry and his bride of a year will return to the fold of Carmel, according to the best indications. The best indications are that he has been issued a permit to build a house, a one-story brick veneer cottage on the corner of Mission and Vista. And what do people build houses for except to live in them (or rent 'em). Anyway, Perry has been away from Carmel for a year, up there in Berkeley, where they have only eucalypti and no cypress, and it's about time he came home. It's a \$2,500 job, so it should be a neat little affair, and he will use day labor, so he will have a lot to say about where each nail goes.

One other building permit was noted for June, that of Mrs. F. Gaylord, who will put additions up to \$1,000 on her property at Mountain View and Eighth.

Sidney Higgins and a group of friends spent the week-end at Trees cottage on Guadalupe.

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Assessments Are Omitted, Says Auditor

(Continued from Page One)

general audit on city receipts and expenditures for the conduct of business. This present audit is the first one ever made of all funds received, receivable or imaginable by the city. In other words, it is a complete audit for the first time.

If it shows anything at all it shows that the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea (drat the name) needs a new bookkeeping system and, possibly, a regular annual audit of everything. Shaff is now at work on a new set of books for the city and it is said that the council may decide to adopt the annual audit plan which would cost \$500 a year.

+ + +

PAUL FLANDERS WILL GIVE THE BRIDE AWAY

Ta-tum-te-tum . . . Paul Flanders will give the bride away, and his niece, Jacqueline Flanders, will say "I do" to Lieutenant William W. Culp Wednesday afternoon, June 16, at the Stanford chapel. The Mrs.-Culp-to-be will walk out of the chapel under an arch of sabres just as they do in the movies. The wedding party will include Mrs. William Perelli-Minetti, matron of honor, and Happy Whyte and Phyllis Corson, bridesmaids. Ushers will be Lieutenants Marcus Tague, C. E. Leyendecker, Perry B. Griffith and F. W. Barnes from the Presidio of Monterey and Lieutenants D. M. Cairns of Marsh Field, L. E. Schlanser of Fort Riley, Kansas, and P. C. Ashworth of Hamilton Field.

Miss Flanders is the daughter of Mrs. Edward A. Flanders, and both mother and daughter have been visiting at the Paul Flanders' home in Hatton Fields.

+ + +

Hope Sikes of Carmel and Emil Joseph Cowing of Ogden, Utah, have made application for a marriage license.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

As moving as the friendship of Damon and Pythias is that of Schmaltz, the dachshund, and Schnummer, his somewhat miscellaneous companion. The inseparable pair are well known to the villagers. Schmaltz, the more aggressive of the two, has several friends on whom he calls and asks for biscuits and other tid-bits. He always takes Schnummer along and asks for a second biscuit for his little friend who stays shyly in the background until he gets his biscuit—then he dashes off with it before Schmaltz can change his mind about it.

+

Judy Vanderlip has a new little playmate—but just who she is even Judy doesn't know. Every morning the little waif appears just in time for toast and coffee, and stays all day. She is an egg-shell spitz, well-mannered and quiet, and she simply adores Judy. As her real name is unknown, Judy calls her "Pom" (how about calling her Jacknjill?). Judy, by the way, is a soprano with operatic aspirations. She can be heard nearly every day rendering an aria in front of the library while she waits for her master who is inside.

+

A little boy lost was Doodle-bug Walton, who caused his mistress' hair to stand on end by climbing through a hole in the fence and disappearing one day last week. It was several hours before Miss Audrey Walton, after scouring the village looking for the little fellow, finally found him at the home of a kind friend who had taken him in. "Doodle" says no more adventuring for him, the world is too big for such a little fellow.

+

Jimmy Colman, former villager, spent the week-end visiting Chico Reynolds at his home on the Point. Jimmy is a handsome young cocker and greatly resembles his beautiful mother, the well-known Steamboat Gentry. He was here with his mistress, Mrs. Paul Colman of San Francisco.

+

The new addition to the menage of Malcolm Macbeth is most appropriately named "Donaldbane". He is one of those "adorable little things that make damp spots on the rugs", in other words, a Welch terrier a very few weeks old. (We hope that later on he will not be blamed for rings on polished surfaces.) He is a lucky puppy, and we hope he likes his new home.

+

I have no dog but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs
to me.

A little chap with wagging tail
And dark brown eyes that never
quail

But look you through and
through and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait

It may be by some garden gate
With eyes alert and tail attent—
—You know the kind of tail that's
meant—

With stores of yelps of glad de-
light

To bid me welcome home at
night.

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

+ + +

Filmarte Plays Honeymoon Pictures

When Edgar Wallace writes a story about a bride who turns from her bridegroom at the altar and marries a tramp out of spite and the tramp is not at all what he seems to be, you can expect mystery, romance and thrills extraordinary. That's what you get in "Strangers on a Honeymoon," the G-B picture starring Constance Cummings and Hugh Sinclair, which plays the Filmarte tonight, Saturday and Sunday.

+ + +

ROBIN, UNA AND TWINS TO BE GOING TO ERIN

The White Star of the Cunard Line, sailing from New York on July 10, will carry the Jeffers clan—Robinson, Una, Garth and Donnan, to Ireland. And green with envy we are to think of the lot of them climbing over old castles and seeing the land. They will even tour the Hebrides which we have yearned over after having read Boswell's account of it a few months ago.

The Jeffers will visit Mabel Dodge Luhan and other friends in Taos, New Mexico, and will visit Mrs. Jeffers' relatives in Michigan before they get to New York.

Jeffers will see his publishers there about his new book, "Such Counsels You Gave Me," which will come out in the fall. The family plan to drive east and will ship their car to Cobb, Ireland, and start out from there. They expect to be gone several months.

+ + +

A final check-up on the tuberculosis skin tests was made yesterday. Out of the great number of children tested so far, less than ten have shown any positive reaction and of that number perhaps most of them will not show any active case as they all registered very slightly. X-Ray examinations will be given as follow-ups for those children. Sunset School has a very high health rating in the state, according to Otto W. Barderson, principal.

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It Looked Bad for a Minute or Two And Then See What Happened

Tucked away in a dusty corner of our memory is the story of a candidate for office whose particular form of campaign for re-election made it doubtful that he would win. Came election night and the returns from districts where he had always previously been strong showed him losing ground at an alarming rate. It looked like curtains for the candidate. Suddenly one of his supporters took a look at the precincts from which he expected little support, precincts that had on previous occasions done him wrong consistently. But this night there was a surprise. While the white precincts were turning black, the black ones were turning white. And they turned so white and so persistently that he rolled up a majority where he didn't expect it, and it was a majority big enough to offset his losses which he had apprehended.

We, the circulation department of THE CYMBAL, know this morn, be it bright or foggy, about how he felt. Things turned out that way for us this past week. We told you, you remember, that we might show a loss this week because expired subscriptions hadn't been quick on the come-back. And so it proved. Our net paid subscriptions in the Carmel area (Carmel, Pebble Beach and the Highlands) dropped ten points, and outside the Carmel area it dropped 12. That is a 22 depreciation we must here-with record, shame-facedly, but still with a smug satisfaction in our candor.

But, look at the last line in the Circulation Statement! Aid came

to us where we least expected it. That is, we did expect it, but not so much. Our Carmel newstand sales went berserk. They jumped almost 50 copies, giving us a nice little paid circulation gain of 36 in the Carmel area and a total paid circulation gain of 24 for last week's issue.

+ + +

The Jack Jordans left Wednesday for a fortnight with Mrs. Jordan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Egel, in Stockton.

+ + +

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Carmel Defeats Foreign Climes For Harnden

The dignity and position of an American Consulate in a foreign land hung in the balance with the charm and quietness of a studio in Carmel (once visited, always remembered) for Robert Harnden. Which should he choose? He had been more than 20 years in the United States Consular Service, five in London, five in Spain, five in Sweden and five in the Argentine and two in Mexico and most recently in Barranquilla, Colombia.

But he had visited his sister, Mrs. W. H. Gibbons, in Carmel, and had fallen in love with the place. Back in Colombia, as days grew hotter and hotter, his mind went back more and more often to the cool, quiet of the little village on the Monterey Peninsula. He decided finally to give up the old and settle down to making his hobby, weaving, his vocation, to have informal dinners and no more "servant problem" and a studio where all the light in the sky would be squeezed out on the beautiful patterns of his weaving. Mrs. Gibbons built him the house in Carmel Woods and last Friday he began the process of "moving in." Harnden will specialize on rugs, the kind with the heavy decorative pile, draperies and suiting. He is planning to have an exhibit of some of the work in the near future.

+ + +

Girl Scout Council Names Officers

At the final meeting of the Carmel Girl Scout Council at the Girl Scout House last Friday afternoon, Mrs. Peter J. Ferrante was elected chairman for the coming year. Practically the whole of the business meeting was taken over by the election of officers and committee chairmen. The following will assume their responsibilities under the leadership of Mrs. Ferrante:

Mrs. H. J. Morse, secretary; Mrs. William Dekker, treasurer; Committee on Badges and Awards, Mrs. Alger Fast, Abbie Lou Bosworth; Committee on Training and Personnel, Mrs. Webster Street, Mrs. Talbert Josselyn; Publicity, Mrs. H. W. Van Ess; House, Mrs. R. R. Wallace; Camp Committee, Mrs. C. J. Ryland; Leaders' Representative, Mrs. Frank Townsend; Brownies' Representative, Mrs. Ernest Morehouse; Member at Large, Mrs. Robert Stanton.

The Council is anxious to line up some new leaders for the fall and anyone interested in this type of work is urged to get in touch with one of the officers. It's work, but to those who enjoy young people, the business of watching and instructing these energetic youngsters is payment for any effort it takes.

+ + +

IT JUST ENDED UP AS JUST PLAIN NUTS

We heard a telling reaction to a recent modern art show in San Francisco. It came a bit roundabout to us, but it should go well on the repeat. It was a slightly conservative and a bit bewildered old gentleman who went and saw and reported thus... "First, there was a picture of a bowl of flowers, then, a painting of a bowl of nuts. The next was just some flowers, then just a bowl and then just nuts!"

+ + +

At the Sunset School P.T.A. board meeting last Tuesday afternoon it was voted to give the Red Cross \$25 for the ambulance fund. The matter of curtains for the library was discussed.

CLANGING CYMBALS



We hereby beg off for this week. We confess to having lived for the past five days in a sort of unexigent torpor; a welter of eating and sleeping and being an unofficial Aunt to Bombing Squadron Number Two. Around noon we struggle up from infinite, cushioning slumber to spend the rest of the day aboard the S. S. *Saratoga*. We know where the linen closets are and what they do about roach powder. How many carrots make a gob. We even rooted out a couple of old U. S. Navy skeletons from a cupboard in the officers' mess hall. Yesterday we discovered, quite by accident, where you can find a wet and very naked bunch of gobs just out of the shower—if, by any chance you should want a wet and naked bunch of gobs. A warm friendship has sprung up between us and a couple of Big Guns—eight inches. We are just on the point of suggesting—in our avuncular relationship to the Fleet—a few changes in the arrangement of the furniture. All this is infinitely fascinating to us. We are less certain of its effect on Bombing Squadron Number Two.

For a time, our kid—and only—brother had us in a dither about being in what is popularly known as Uncle Sam's Navy. We, ourselves, if not a complete cynic in the matter, am a pretty thorough quizzic. But when we found that, after two years in the Service, the lad doesn't yet know an admiral when he sees one; that his greatest pride in achievement lies in the three new boards they had to insert in the flight deck after he had cracked up there; that he spends his watch hobnobbing with gobs; and that orange juice is still his favorite drink, we settled back again into our profound conviction of the family incorruptibility.

+

Upon seeing our piece in the paper about the new coast road, our friend George Hedley read us the verse he had composed about another road, but quite a similar one. We brazenly begged it from him for THE CYMBAL. Aside from the fact that he is an enthusiast about THE CYMBAL, we think him vastly good-natured in giving it to us, inasmuch as he was just about to let it go for cash.

CHANGE OF GRADE

I do not quite believe that God ordained
These banked and surfaced highways through the hills,
These mathematic cuts and measured fills
Whereby so readily the heights are gained.
I think he purposed they should be attained
In stubborn patience of the slender pine,
In ageless warfare of the timberline,
In thrusts and pressures each by each constrained.
To us who conquer them in easy haste
The mountains' gifts are meaningless and waste.

+

What with the hotel strike, the Chicago killings, the war in Spain, the insistence of the hens on laying cheap eggs and the murders in the Rue Morgue, it is a matter of blessed assurance to us that our elevator permit is signed by J. Farley and countersigned, "F. R."

Here in our modest hostelry, far from the frequently maddening crowd on Ocean Avenue, we came upon Libby's note about Phil's friend and his quandary about the woolbearers. The fact that he has no explanation to offer for this sheepish alliance reminds us of our favorite limerick. (Yes, darlings, we know those half-dozen what you might call middle-English ones.) This is our true love.

There was an old man from Khar-toum
Who kept three black sheep in his room.
'They remind me,' he said,
'Of three friends who are dead.'
But he never would tell us of whom.

+

The parking space was just big enough for the car. As the driver started to back in, a man appeared and stood watching him. There was a reasonable doubt that he could make it at all. The other chap proved helpful, giving minute directions about distance, swing, etc. After quite a good bit of backing and filling, whatever that means, together they made it. Then the helpful fellow took a key from his pocket, got into the car parked ahead, and drove off. As he did so, he leaned from his window, in perfect seriousness, and said a cheery "Thank you, sir," to the bewildered party of the first part.

+

Stream of Selfconsciousness from Berkeley to the S. S. *Saratoga* and Return.

The vertiginous earth comes to a focus in the red mainline trains of the S.P., rolling its little peripheries around old houses, dun beneath nasturtium mother hubbards. Like the girl picketing the Sir Francis Drake. Beautiful but dun. The old laborer in the seat ahead takes a letter from his pocket. Rough fingers on the thin, parched linen paper; delicate chirography. So delicate! So old! An old sweetheart's scroll on the miasmic red urge. Tears fall on the old sentences; the laborer looks about slyly; fumbling, embarrassed. Shifts his rump. The dun houses flow by, alike and yet permuted by the flow of the electric train. A sign, leant over a fence, scriben boldly: For Sale, rabbits and chickens eggs. By a factory, the knoll of scrap iron, speaking unspeaking beauty; of red Sussex Hills; of red in smelting ovens; of the red new deaths, except as ye be born again. The rubiginous old laborer brushes the pink harlot with his eyes as he descends the train, feeling his old sweetheart's letter in his pocket.

There is no red on the Bay, but scurrious green, smothering the reds. Death, perhaps, in this afternoon. But not red death. The slow, spanning death of the gray bridge overhead—the two-way Styx. The round-flesh death of the woman opposite us in the launch. Men who go to sea for dead women like this. Dead wombs over Mexico. "I ask my guests to dine, not to mate." The Admiral: "I ask my men to

sow their dead women over the earth. Bombing." The vertiginous earth comes to a focus in the gray launch for the officers' guests, rolling its insignificant peripheries 'round and 'round the old waters of the Bay, red under the dun scum of the inchoate prisoned sea. The round, dead woman will lose her lunch on the launch. The song we sang—sang, blood—last night; wobbly song. "We'll eat pie in the sky bye and bye." Pie overboard!

Overhead, where the flight deck elevator has been lowered, stars march. Over the march of the famed Voice of the movies. "I tank I go home, Armand Duval. Inasmuch as I have been distinguished less by my acting than by my camillas and a certain inescapable rhythm in my loins, I take it I might as well scam. However, with your permission, I shall ravage my hungry audience for a bit." Purple-red Voice of Hollywood and the deep Swedish marshes, sounding its keyboard of synthetic lust, rivet to rivet to rivet, around the ship's hangar, open to the sky. Clutching the red-purple mouth (one moment, while I look at my contract), rivet on rivet on rivet. Whimper screen mouth of the Federated Womens' Clubs. Stiff with their hunger. Riveted to hunger. The terrible marching of red-purple mouths on the face of the waters. The vertiginous earth comes to a focus in the ship's movie show, rolling its little peripheries around love and war, the stars and the rivets en marche. Rolling around to the vicarious live women, back there where the gobs sit and shift their rumps and howl and translate themselves into the romance languages.

Six negroes off ship, with their live women. Bright barrels of red wine, convex to the ferry's line. Night has brought back the red. Throbbing red of the axial poles of man's ambition, expressed in the red bridge overhead—the long axials and co-axials. Laughter from the negroes in red cellophane and high-yaller wrapping, alive. "See, Ah'se de ship's incinerator." "Honey, you'se jest only an ol' vice versa, you is." "Is you still hot, li'l bit?" "Ah di'n't do nothin', lovin' stick, but come out yere to git unhct."

Bored signal corps stabbling against the red perspicuity of the battleship night. Moving and slithering. The vertiginous earth comes

to a focus on the Oakland Ferry boat, rolling undistanced peripheries around the long bridge... the black laughter... man...

"Out of three notes he makes, not a fourth note, but a star." The spasmic blacks go into their red dance. Expertly, the slip is entered.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

Out Pops Secret of Wagon Wheel Tire Bending

We found an old piece of machinery up at Catlin's Forge in the Forest the other morning. It sits just outside of the Sixth street entrance of the Forge. We couldn't figure out what it was, but John Catlin, blacksmith-politician-sculpt-old man, told us. It's a wagon wheel tire-bender. You put a piece of iron in... so... and run it through some cylinders... thus... and turn a crank... this way... and there you have a perfectly round, iron wagon wheel tire.

Our editor is going to be angry with us; he says we tear down people's illusions—remember about the "wooden curtain" at the First Theater which is really only a partition between two living quarters—and Mr. Catlin may be annoyed with us because it is one of his pet jokes, but anyway the tire bender we have just been talking about is usually dressed up like a cannon. It has fooled a lot of people that way. Just hunches up its shoulders and holds up a conical piece of iron on its back and pretends to be one of the deadliest pieces in Carmel. But how much and how many more interesting stories it must have to tell of the wagon wheels it has rimmed. Many of those wheels must have traveled the Old Road, whose story Lynda Sargent has told so beautifully.

+ + +

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Boy Scouts Get Merit Badges

Carmel Boy Scouts and their leaders stepped up right proudly last Friday evening at the Court of Honor held at the Scout House. The two troops, Nos. 39 and 86, joined together for the occasion which was the last Court of Honor for this term.

The badges were awarded in the following order: Troop 39, which is sponsored by a group of Carmel citizens and is under Scoutmaster W. E. Blackie—Second Class Badge, Alfred Black; First Class Badge, Fred McIndoe; Merit Badges, Charles Gansel, carpentry, Fred McIndoe, automobiling, woodturning, woodwork. Charles Gansel was presented with the insignia entitling him to the position of senior patrol leader and Fred McIndoe became junior assistant scoutmaster.

Troop 86, under Scoutmaster C. Moll, is sponsored by the American Legion Post. The badges for the group were as follows: Second Class, Bob Barbour, Gordon Ewig, Howard Levinson, Bobby Froli and Gordon Stoddard; First Class, Jim Welsh. Merit Badges for horsemanship went to Jack Coates; for carpentry, pottery, woodwork, bird study and woodcarving to Edgar Leslie; athletics to Homer Levinson; and Jack Pelton received recognition in safety, public health, athletics, personal health and first aid. Edgar Leslie and Jack Pelton became Life Scouts.

Homer Levinson was also elected senior patrol leader and the Ten-Year Program Award was won by Homer Levinson, Jack Pelton and Jack Coates of Troop 86.

Special awards were presented for completion of a course in introduction to Scouting. These were received by W. E. Blackie, P. A. McCreery, John Black, Herbert Brownell, Harry Perkins and Carl G. Moll.

+ + +

Giants Capture Abalone Flag

Frank Townsend's Giants went through the 17th annual series of the famous Abalone League of Carmel with the loss of only two games. This aversion to defeats puts the Giants on the top of the heap for the season which ended Sunday and makes them champions of the 1937 session. In case you care to know, the Townsends won six games to take the chocolate cake.

The Pilots placed second in the season standing, winning and losing four. The Shamrocks placed third, winning three and losing five. The Shamrocks and Tigers tied for third place with three victories each and five defeats.

+ + +

FOREST HILL PUPILS PUT ON GRADUATE PROGRAM

The children of the Forest Hill School staged a closing day celebration for parents and friends last Friday. Two children were graduated from the school—Camilla Roe and Jack Coates. The children not only furnished an entertaining and educational program but also cooked a luncheon and served it. Mrs. Fenton Grigsby, director of the school, made a short talk and gave progress and personality awards to the pupils.

+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Andrews (Helen Musselman) were among the many who visited the Irving Gundersons at the Press in the Forest, last Monday. Bill Andrews is announcer for "One Man's Family" and his wife has played in that and in several other radio serials.

If You Don't Like Carrots You'd Better Get Your Ticket Early for Luncheon Meeting of Women's League

If you want to attend the luncheon meeting of the Monterey County League of Women Voters next Wednesday, beginning at 10:30 o'clock, you'd better buy your ticket before this Sunday has rolled clear around and out of the way or the chances are you'll munch on carrots or wild barley stalks.

You see, the meeting and the luncheon are going to be held at the home of Mrs. Carl L. Voss, way down at Big Sur, and as there are no chain stores or hot dog stands in the immediate neighborhood the committee has to know pretty well in advance how much food to lug down there.

No donations are being solicited this year for the League's "benefit" luncheon. Instead the price has been set at \$1, thus giving everyone an opportunity to help finance the League program. Non-members, especially those interested in learning of the work of the League, are welcome at this all-day meeting. Tickets are in the hands of all board members as well as all incoming officers.

In Carmel—Miss Emma Abel, 1423-J, will also arrange transportation. Those attending who have extra room in their cars, as well as those who wish transportation, should call Miss Abel.

Others in Carmel having tickets

for sale are: Mrs. Dorothy Chapman, Mrs. L. O. Kellogg, Miss Lorena Ray, Miss Orre Haseltine, Mrs. Howard Walters, Mrs. Robert Stanton, Miss Lydia Weld, Mrs. Howard Clark, Mrs. David Ball, Mrs. Kent Clark, Mrs. Ritter Holman and Miss Ruth Huntington.

Elsewhere on the Peninsula, tickets are being sold by Mrs. B. D. Marx Greene, Mrs. S. S. Page, Mrs. J. P. Sandholdt, Mrs. Mast Wolfson, Mrs. Chas. A. T. Cabaniss, Miss Emma Waldvogel, Mrs. F. W. Workman, Mrs. G. S. Curtis, Miss Alice Work, and Mrs. Chas. Olmstead.

In Salinas—Mrs. Russell Scott, Mrs. T. G. Emmons, Mrs. Carl L. Voss and Mrs. Forrest Paul, who is also handling transportation.

Mrs. S. S. Page and Mrs. F. W. Workman are handling transportation for Monterey and Pacific Grove.

On the program are Mrs. Nachtrieb, State Personnel Chairman; reports from department chairmen; a continuation of the discussion on County Government by Mrs. Voss.

The Voss country home at Big Sur is located two miles beyond the State Park in the Santa Lucia Coastlands division. The turn to the right will be sign-posted. Parking facilities are adequate.

"Tatters," That Squatters' Pet, Opens To Packed House in First Theater

With a riotous whoop and halloo and a blasting bugle call, "Tatters, Pet of Squatters' Gulch," opened last night at the First Theater in Monterey. A packed house was there to partake of the evening's fare and celebrate the re-opening of the theater after 75 years of darkness. Cat calls and hisses followed the work of the dastardly villain, Phil Dolan, fiendishly played by Jack Gribner, as he chased the tough, but tender little heroine Titinia "Tatters" Timberlake, joyously and excellently interpreted by Mary Marble Henderson, and the half-breed hero, Robert Ferris, he of the noble mien, who stalks men and elk alike and by another name and face is known as Gordon Knoles.

The cast was outstanding as a whole for good performances; Blackie O'Neil, Mrs. Betty Moorhouse, Robert Bratt, Lily Collins, Manuela Hudson, Dave Davis, Rex

Flaherty, Billy Shepard and Milt Latham and the assisting artists in the Olio kept the house in stitches.

Ruth Marion, who was the long-suffering wife in "The Drunkard" here and in Hollywood for three years, gave a side-splitting and tear-jerking rendition of "Heaven Will Perceive the Working Gail."

Music which accompanied and "upped" the action of the show deserves mention. Our hats off to Malcolm McNeil and Mary Walker. The Nesbitt sets were a show in themselves and Kay Knudsen's lighting showed 'em up.

The show has two more performances, tonight and Saturday. From all indications and from the merits of the production there should be sell-outs for both nights. Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, producers, and Galt Bell, director, have a swell show. We want more like them. —V. S.

MILLIS FAMILY MEMBERS TO BE FAR-FLUNG THIS SUMMER

Several thousands of miles will separate the Millis family this summer. Martha, Jane and Ann, the three sisters, are leaving on June 28 for Indianapolis where they will visit their father for a month. A few days later, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, their mother, will depart for England, in company with Mrs. J. Richardson, and probably not return to Carmel before October. Bill Millis, on finishing his junior year at Stanford, will come back to Carmel for the summer and live with his aunt, Glenna Peck, while his mother and sisters are away. Bill will also step into place at THE CYMBAL office from which he is granted intermittent leaves of absence while he is attending classes at Stanford. If there is a greater wonder than what THE CYMBAL would do without Bill it is what Bill would do without THE CYMBAL.

Among the many parties arranged in conjunction with the races at Del Monte this last week, we find Mrs. John Magee hostess to a gay group which included Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Richard Heiman of Burlingame, Mark Ellworthy of San Francisco and Mrs. Speiker Drum.

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Pleasing Program Musical Arts Offering

The monthly meeting of the Musical Arts Club was held at the Van Ess-McGowan home in Monterey Peninsula Country Club Tuesday night. Millicent Sears announced that events of interest to which members could all look forward, were two concerts, one by Marjorie Legge Wurmann and the other by Winifred Howe.

The program was in charge of Leo Abinante who presented the Symphonic Ensemble, composed of boys and girls of Monterey High School, and directed by Franklin Young. The first number was a Concerto by Joseph Wagner followed by the Andante Cantabile from the Fifth Symphony by Tchaikowsky, both ambitious attempts for so young a group, but very well played considering the age and experience of the performers.

Two pupils of Winifred Howe were particularly pleasing in their piano numbers. Bill Coffin played the Moonlight Sonata with an exquisite touch and feeling worthy of a much older musician. Jane Millis played the Golliwog Cakewalk with ease and humor. Next, Miss Walker sang Toselli's Serenade and Annabelle Powell and Edith Anderson sang a duet from Die Freischütz. These three were pupils of Borghild Janson and certainly did credit to their excellent training. One seldom hears voices in a duet that blend as well as those of Miss Powell and Miss Anderson. Miss Anderson followed this by singing an Aria from the same opera, a most difficult and dramatic composition.

The meeting closed with Edward Hopkins giving a humorous lecture on the art of voice training.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS clean up yards.

Six Graduated At Douglas Schools

Six students were graduated from the Douglas Schools in Pebble Beach at the commencement banquet and graduation program in Great Hall Wednesday evening. They are Patricia A. Ball, Thomasina Mix and Nancy Tiedemann from the upper school and Kenneth Clark, Glen McCuskey and Cedric Snook from the lower school.

The banquet toastmistress was Louise Young, president of the student body. Honors were awarded by Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas, director of the schools. Miss Thomasina Mix was class historian and the diplomas were presented by Mrs. S. F. B. Morse. Following the banquet and commencement exercises, a three-act play, "Robin Hood" was presented in the outdoor theater.

+ + +

STOVEPIPE HALL GANG GETS TOGETHER THIS NIGHT

Stovepipe Hall gang will gather again tonight at the little place to the rear of the Art Association Gallery on Dolores street. The master chef for the evening will be Damo Vuleitch. Love, life and literature will be possible topics for discussion for this energetic and busy group of artists. (Note—There's a comma between that "love" and "life" up there.)

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RIGHT AT YOU AT DEL MONTE



It certainly has been a big week at Del Monte what with horses and movie stars and crowds and peanuts and betting opportunities. Monday the turnout was of sufficient size to make it sure that the Del Monte race-track is much desired and that its future meetings will be successful.

June Exhibit of Carmel Art Gallery Does Things—in Spots—to Virginia

The June exhibit at the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores street shows quite an improvement over the May show about which we ranted a bit.

There are two good groupings of paintings which show some thought in their arrangement. William Irving, who has not hung in the Gallery for some time, has about the brightest, cleanest picture in the show. The composition is called "Spring Fever". Brighter in color are the two paintings of Ferdinand Burgdorff, of strong yellow fields which enhance and are enhanced by the center picture. The golden flowers are more living because we have just recently seen the hills and fields of the Valley looking that way.

There is a "Snow Scene" by Julie Stohr which has undertones of pastel colors beneath a slush of grey snow and William Ritschel, the old master, has three marines, "two by land and one by sea". Ritschel is a good painter and always will be a good painter, old school or no old school.

The other grouping is on the far wall with a fine painting by Burton Boundey and a landscape by Leslie Wulff on either side of a George Koch, coastal marine. The Boundey picture, "Salinas Ranch", has interesting composition and color blocking and Wulff's is a good painting of pale sunshine on tan hills with terracotta undertones. The green of the trees link all three pictures and the soft yellows of the outer two carry around the red in the Koch. The latter is a Point Lobos scene with good pictorial quality, but rather restful in the painting—or is it just slightly uninteresting? This is not necessarily the painter's fault. It is just this darned local scenery (which we love). It gets them all and they just have to paint it.

There is a great intensity to the fairly small, black-framed canvas of Armin Hansen. It is fine painting, but beyond that it calls forth various emotions... land hunger, a fierce willing of possession and de-

sire for the soil. If you focus your eye on the warm spot left by the sun in the center of the valley, there is a feeling of great calm, but the ominous thunder clouds above strike a note of terror. We don't approve of the above kind of art reviewing, but this picture rather got us and is hung in the corner where it can be studied without a clamorous competition by other canvases.

There are several small landscapes by B. A. Smith. Charlotte Morgan has three, of which we liked "Surf Echoes" the best. E. Graham's four small paintings are a bit "kitsch", to borrow a word from Glenn Wessels, art reviewer, and instructor in San Francisco.

Evelyn McCormick's paintings of old buildings, this time of the "First Brick House", will always fascinate us. She seems literally to build the house in the picture and you know that solid construction, as well as solid painting, is all there. Her sky is a sky of infinite patience and immobility.

Mary Scovel uses a broad brush in her "Golden Wheat" to good effect, but Thomas McGlynn is still in the realm of classical fantasy.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

MRS. ELEANOR IRWIN GETS A NEW BIRTHDAY

Eleanor (Mrs. William) Irwin celebrated her first birthday last Saturday evening. A "Mrs." and a "first birthday", say you with slightly raised eyebrows. No, this isn't an old Chinese custom or one of those Kentucky child marriages. Eleanor has been a Mrs. for six years and she has had a birthday ever since she was born. But what a birthday... on New Year's Eve. And do you think anybody ever stopped on that occasion to wish her a happy birthday? The answer is no! A kindly aunt, who had listened to Eleanor's tale of woe, followed the example of Robert Louis Stevenson and willed her May '29 as a real honest-to-goodness birthday and last Saturday was the first time it was put into use. She and

her husband entertained the Frank Lloyds, by way of celebration, for dinner and also Susan Benteen who came down from San Francisco. Remo and Virginia Scardigli dropped in later in the evening to blow out a mythical candle.

MRS. NUGENT LEARNS YOU CAN'T SELL YOUR HOUSES AND HAVE THEM

Mrs. Alice Y. Nugent has got herself into a pretty pickle. She left Carmel to stay at her daughter's home in Los Gatos for the summer. Mrs. Nugent has been in Carmel for 15 years and she thought she would like a change... The daughter's house was for sale but they didn't expect to have it taken out from under them. Three days after the sale was made the new tenants started to move in. Mrs. Nugent had to get out. She came back to Carmel, where she has several houses. All of them were rented. She doesn't like hotels. A month ago she had her pick of a goodly lot of residences, now she is just another house-hunter and being darn good humored about the whole affair.

Katrine Green of San Francisco is the guest of Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter at her home on San Antonio street. Miss Green has held the position of private secretary to the head of the Children's Aid Society in San Francisco, the job which Helen Newmark will walk into the day after school closes. Miss Green is to become a member of the staff of the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Ignorance is bliss and we may be wrong, but we have been blissfully, no, we'll have to say riotously happy about this ever since we heard it. It seems that Fritz Wurzmann, who runs a typewriter exchange in Monterey, sold a gal a noiseless typewriter and some free advice on how to run it. "Noiseless carbon paper will give you the best service," he told her, and the poor gal maybe they exaggerate

but so many people tell us that the Snack special tamales are the best they ever tasted there must be something to it.

made a special trip to Slevin's for some extra quiet carbon. As we said before, we may be wrong but Slevin doesn't carry it and what Slevin can't find in his shelves usually "ain't."

+

Paul Taylor will be home next week, and are Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Taylor glad? Unlike most parents, they seem to see the sun rising and setting in their boy. He's a senior at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, but he goes back next year because he is taking a five-year course. He was recently named by his Phi Nu Alpha brothers as their head man. He is studying to be a high school music teacher. His solo instrument is the trumpet.

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS go places, do things and see all sorts of people.

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Personalities & Personals

From San Francisco came the Ronald C. Kennedys and their daughter, Katherine, to spend two months in Carmel. They have taken the Montgomery house on San Antonio and moved in last Tuesday.

R. F. Haller of El Fumador has gone all the way to Idaho for his fishing. He'll probably come back and do his lying safely, but he'll enjoy it and we can bear it.

Georgia Ranney took the pupils of her Peninsula Pre-School out to Carmel Crafts in the Carmel Valley last Monday. This was closing day for the school which will not be open during the summer. Miss Ranney and her mother, Mrs. C. O. Ranney, and brother, C. R. Ranney, will leave Carmel for the summer months. Miss Ranney goes off to Mexico soon and the other two members of the family will go east for several months.

Mrs. H. M. Tolfree of Hatton Fields is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Marie F. Jones, of Oakland.

Tilly Polak and Mrs. Katherine Kirk arrived in New York last Wednesday. Tilly should get in town some time next week to be joyfully greeted by Ocean Avenue and her many friends here. She has been in Europe for several months. Mrs. Kirk will remain in the east for the summer.

Mrs. Gene Chance (Sis or Sara delightedly to all Carmel) is spending two weeks with her parents, M. and Mrs. George W. Reamer, at their home on The Point.

James Cowper Wright of Santa Barbara is staying at Carmel Inn for a couple of weeks. Wright is a landscape artist.

Mrs. Muriel Combs and her son, Francis Gyle, are staying at Mrs. Nanette Norvell's home in Hatton Fields for the summer. They are from Berkeley.

The architect builds his own home, and how pleasant that must seem to A. L. Snyder, Berkeley architect, whose new home is being

erected on Casanova near Thirteenth.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Wells and their daughter, Nancy, are staying at Wilson No. 2.

John Todd, 11-year-old son of Marian Boke Todd, is leaving for Albuquerque, New Mexico, when school closes to spend the summer with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Boke. Dick is a high official in the federal soil erosion administration and has jurisdiction over New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado. John should have a good time down there whether there is any soil eroding for him to see or not.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman are visiting at Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps' ranch in Carmel Valley for Race Week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Ettlinger of San Francisco have taken a house in Pebble Beach for June and July.

Mr. and Mrs. William Allen left yesterday for the East. The Allens have been spending the winter in the Huston house in Pebble Beach.

Marian Adams is so excited about the trip she is going to take to Europe that she has a hard time waiting on customers at the Corner Cupboard, and when she comes across something in stock marked Paris, France, she gets almost speechless. She sails from New York on the "Deutschland" on June 20, and her itinerary will include England, Holland, France, Italy and Germany. She is to be in a party with two cousins and her aunt, Dr. Paula Kittel, of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin.

The Florence Leidig cottage, "Sheltering Pines", on Casanova has been acquired by Mrs. Mona Macdonald Brooks to be used as a summer home.

Noel Sullivan was host to a party of 12 for the opening of "Tatters", last night at the First Theater in Monterey.

Did anyone happen to notice that the picture of Lola Montez on the drop curtain of "Tatters" has a strange resemblance to Wally Windsor and that little cherub out in front—could it be our own Edward? Phil Nesbitt has done all the sets for the production and we wouldn't put it past him.

Mrs. Josephine Baber of La Rambla apartments had a letter from her grandson, Ross Kiester, telling her that he was going to be married June 5 (that's tomorrow) to a swell girl. But he forgot to mention her name. Mrs. Baber thinks she knows, but she's not sure, so she won't give us a hint. We'll let you know as soon as she finds out.

Birney Adams went up to San Francisco to a meeting of City Building Inspectors this week. He left Wednesday afternoon and was expected back last night.

Dodie Dorcy and her mother, Mrs. Linda Dorcy, have taken one of the Miller houses, "Char-Mid", on Carmel Point for a year. Miss Dorcy and her mother and brother, Biddle, who used to live up the Valley and is now in Hollywood, lived in the Philippines for some time, at Manila and Cebu, and since their return to the states Miss Dorcy has been in San Francisco. Another brother, Laurence, and his wife have a vacation home in Pebble Beach.

INTERESTING THINGS

PEOPLE WRITE IN

ORCHIDS FOR LYNDIA

Miss Sargent:
To tell you "Clanging Cymbals" of May 28 is the best piece of poetic prose mine eyes have seen for years. Congratulations.
Carmel

H. B.

Dear Mr. Bassett:

I want to congratulate you on publishing a distinguished piece of prose—Lynda Sargent's article about the Old Coast Road. Do you realize that that is great writing? It has flavour, sound and fragrance, and is richly human. THE CYMBAL is fortunate to be publishing her original work.

Sincerely,
Carmel DORA HAGEMEYER

UNDER THE WIRE

Dear Mr. Bassett:
Having been moved to tears on the first page of the last spasm of THE CYMBAL by the pathos of column one, and being properly aghast at the damning evidence that I, in the company of 22 others, am to be an instrument in shattering the financial record of our dear little purveyor of news incredible, I hastily affix my signature to a pristine scrap of paper, which magically becomes instantly of no little importance. (And I think it's good, too.)

I relax, with a satisfied air of righteousness, only to find, a couple of flips to the right, another and more personal message the color of the rising sun, (sure, I saw a rising sun once) with the gentle reproach that I shall miss THE CYMBAL. Once more am I galvanized to action—my task is yet unfinished. So, with a sigh, I pin a stamp to my good intention, and with the smell of battle, and thoroughly aroused now, I prepare to invade the local domain of Mister Federal, and see this thing through.

Please appreciate this deviation from an unadulterated Fiesta mood, as I am holiday-bent, and am shamelessly forsaking the Peninsula for the dusty and densely-populated vicinity of the Russian River. But not for ever, because I still have personally to place some Tyrolean figures in those superlative apartments of Bob Stanton's. And so, until then—wing the wayward tabloid to me, Mr. Editor. And pray take my name off the blacklist, so that I may move among my fellow creatures with a shining visage.

Just
Berkeley, Calif. KAY THE POTTER

WE GO INTO STRANGE PLACES

My dear CYMBAL:
I am enclosing my subscription to the CYMBAL for six months. I have set that time limit since the duration of my residence here is uncertain and should have sent it long ago but I'm afraid a touch of the native lethargy has already afflicted me. I'm wondering how far afield THE CYMBAL goes? When it comes to Fredonia it reaches the post office farthest from a railroad in the U.S. (Of course, we have a standing feud with Kayenta as to that distinction, but perhaps THE CYMBAL doesn't reach that trading

post?) After I have read my copy it goes on the lobby table where it is read by various cowchases, dude guides, etc.

Before the end of summer I shall feel that I know very well by proxy many Carmelites, perhaps, particularly the citizens who appear in "Dog Days and Nights." We have resident with us a small Toy Manchester, Miss Pat Biedinger, who is a great curiosity roundabout as she is the first of her family to visit here. A couple of days ago in Kanab we came unexpectedly on a cluster of Piute squaws and papooses whose wonder and delight in so strange a creature as Pat would have driven a candid camera enthusiast to ecstasies.

Perhaps some day I shall be able to return to the Peninsula fogs and tingling air. Then I hope to have the pleasure of dropping in at THE CYMBAL office. Until then, thank you for the weekly visit of THE CYMBAL which keeps me reminded that somewhere people are thinking and working.

Fredonia, Arizona KAY BLACK

+

Sydney A. Clark of Scenic Drive, writer of those interesting travel books, left Tuesday for New York from whence he will depart for Europe June 19. Mr. Clark will travel with his brother and nephew in their car for six weeks and then will settle down to work, gathering material in Austria, Finland and Ireland for future books. He will also do some articles on Switzerland, and return to Carmel in about five months.

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Nell Cleary, a continuity editor in the NBC offices in San Francisco, spent last week-end with the Bassetts. This was Miss Cleary's first visit to Carmel and the sun shone brightly for her.

Mrs. Neil Bosworth had a party of four at the re-opening of the First Theater last night.

Margot and Bill Coffin, children of Mrs. Sloane Coffin, of Carmel, were presented in a recital at Katherine MacFarlane Howe's studio last Sunday afternoon. Both are pupils of Winifred Howe.

Consuls from Mexico, Spain and Portugal were guests at the re-opening of the historic First Theater last night.

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Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco. Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1245. Business licenses, 252. Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidée Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fratties, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 a.m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East

side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carl Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church, Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Oator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A.M. 7:50, 9:35, P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:20, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

SUNSET PUPILS PRESENT CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Eighth grade at Sunset School presented a Class Day Program at the School Assembly last Friday morning. The class gave a play with Bill Coffin as Robin Hood, Madeline McDonough as Dame Toots and Ann Millis as Dame Care. The "Quints" were played by Alice Vidoroni, Jacqueline Klein, Dorothy Nash, Harriet Hatton and Betsy Hunter. Other characters were played by the remaining members of the class. The assembly voted it a rip-roaring production.

Baseball emblems were given to the following boys by Arthur Hull: Block letters to Monty Stearns, Charles Gansel and Bob Gansel; Stars to Irving Parker, Bill Coffin, Orville Jones, Robert Garguilo and Bobby Froli.

At the close of the assembly the eighth grade sang their class song, written by Donna Hodges and Madeline McDonough.

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RUTH AUSTIN'S PUPILS GIVE FINE RECITAL

Ruth Austin's pupils drew a large and appreciative audience for their dance recital at the Filmarte Theater last Sunday afternoon. Honors were scattered around pretty evenly over the whole group, but of particular mention was the work of the two little Knight children, Allene and Alys, who seemed too small entirely for the amount of poise and talent they showed—and the creative work of Bettie Rae Sutton, Maxine Laney and Patty Lou Elliott. The Oriental Bazaar number fully merited the good round of applause it received. In fact, the whole program was good and even those who had to stand in the back of the house enjoyed themselves.

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GRACE THOBURN FELL DOWN ON THIS ONE; CHILD DIDN'T

We overheard Grace Thoburn being a model parent as well as real estate salesman the other day. It wasn't her child who asked all those questions with a rapid fire of "huhs" and "whys" enough to turn anybody's hair grey, but Grace was a model of the progressive attitude toward the child. The final blow came when Grace put down her pen and closed the ink well on the front desk. "Why did you close the ink well?" came the now familiar voice. "Oh, no reason," said Grace. "You closed it so the flies wouldn't get in," retorted the child and left, having received his first satisfactory answer.

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NO MATTER HOW YOU SAY IT, 'TIS STILL BACH

Seat reservations are already starting to come in at the Denny-Watrous office for the Third Annual Bach Festival to be held July 19-25. The traditions surrounding the Festival in its three short years of existence are piling up at an incredible rate. There is a tradition of fine music and good rehearsals and then there seems to be a bit of delightful confusion about Bach himself. Last year a very amusing incident took place in connection with one of the placards for the event. Perhaps you have one, too, but this happened outside of Carmel. We asked permission of a genial gent behind a bar on the main traffic road, to put a placard in his window. "Sure," he said, polishing glasses with a flourish. Then—"Say, there, Miss, how do you say that name, B-a-c-h?" "It's pronounced Back," said we, with our best New England accent. "Sorry, Miss, you've got that spelt wrong there. It should be B-o-c-k." And he offered us a glass of just that.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Five cents a line for one insertion. Four cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Fifteen cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL VALLEY RANCH—Five acres on the main highway, practically all usable for cultivation—Has water well with electric pump with ample water—fruit trees and a small house. Price \$4250.00—just compare this with anything in the vicinity. Carmel Realty Company. Phone 66, Ocean Avenue.

FOR SALE—Small cottage on Lincoln near 10th surrounded by oak trees. \$2,250 for a quick sale.

THE FRISBIE HOME—97-foot frontage at the high spot on Carmel Point. 2-bedroom—double wall redwood construction—3 years old—view in all directions—beautiful garden. See THOBURNS, Ocean Avenue, across from the Library.

LA LOMA TERRACE LOTS—2 good lots on La Loma Hill facing the lower trail \$500.00 each. They are both fine lots with a view of the Ocean, and would make ideal home-sites. Carmel Realty Company, Ocean Avenue, Phone 66.

LOTS on San Antonio. Beautiful marine view. \$8,000. Gladys R. Johnston, Realtor, Ocean Avenue and Lincoln.

CHOICE Carmel Valley acreage. \$375 an acre. GLADYS KINGSLAND DIXON Ocean Ave. Phone 940

FOR SALE—Two-bedroom house with five lots. Forty large trees. About three blocks from center of town. A good buy. Apply Fourth and Torres streets, Carmel. 1m

HOUSES TO RENT

ROBLES DEL RIO. For rent for June, cottage of 3 rooms and bath, near Inn. \$45. Address Box L-5, Cymbal Office. 23

FOR RENT or For Sale—House in Carmel Woods. Unobstructed view of Point Lobos and ocean. Four bedrooms—two baths. Double garage. Apply Fourth and Torres or telephone Carmel 1090.

A BUNCH OF THE BOYS GO TO SEEK LAKE GAME

A bunch of these heavy fishermen departed our midst yesterday with Bass Lake, somewhere in the neighborhood of Madera, as their destination. They include Leo Hansen, Walt Tuthill, Jack Ammerman and Ed Palmer. They expect to be away a week or ten days and will probably come back with weak and ten tales about big ones that didn't get away. The truth is, and the chance is that they will get a lot of fish. But what good will it do? No one will believe them when they tell about it. Fishing ain't much unless you can peddle the story about it afterward.

+

LAY OFF THE MUSSELS—THERE'S BUGS IN 'EM

If you didn't go mussel hunting last Monday you missed your last chance until September 30 when the mussel quarantine is lifted. The California Department of Public Health has just issued a bulletin-order, signed by W. M. Dickie, director, putting all mussels from the ocean shore of California, with the exception of San Francisco Bay, under rigid health quarantine. You can't take them, gather them, sell them, or offer them for sale—which about covers everything. One thing they left out of the bulletin—the

HELP WANTED

WANTED: Boy between 14 and 16 years of age for part-time work 5 days a week in pleasant surroundings. Apply Box L-5, Cymbal Office, Seventh and San Carlos.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095. 2f

MASSAGE

BODY MASSAGE. European. At your home or PETER PAN COURT. Tel. 166-J. 23

ARE YOU ILL, tired or over-weight? If so, have a massage. Any kind, or electric cabinet bath. In your home or mine. Eva McBee. Telephone Monterey 4712. 24

MISCELLANEOUS

BARGAINS: Remington Typewriter. Steel Camp Bed. Camp Gasoline Stove. Atter, N.W. corner San Carlos and Tenth, Carmel. 22

GOOD EATS—That's why Henry Gutterason included Barbecue Pits in the two homes Hal Geyer is erecting on Hatton Fields Mesa—Apply now for the first Fiesta—Joe Bush.

ARE YOU GETTING 'your house ready for Summer Rentals? New Used and Unfinished Furniture. Liberal trade allowance. Bussey's Furniture Exchange 518 Lighthouse Ave. Phone 3233 24

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

PETE—"Have you any idea of the cost of those homes Geyer is building on Hatton Fields Mesa? Please see if we can swing them."—Mollie.

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Bob Ritchie Tells Monterey Why It's Good To Live Here

Robert Welles Ritchie came back to Carmel for his summer vacation from arduous duties as some sort of a high federal official in Washington just in time to be able to tell the world "Why We Live in Monterey." He did it at the Merienda in Monterey yesterday. And he did it well. THE CYMBAL here-with shows you how well. This is Bob's explanation of "Why We Live in Monterey":

The topic assigned me, "Why We Live in Monterey," especially is applicable to me. I am a wanderer, ever and again returning to this peninsula to recharge my soul with the essence of sweet living that is Monterey's—to find under its pines and in its blossoming gardens answers to the riddles of life than clang incessantly in less favored places of the world. To find, and bathe luxuriantly in, a peace which is undiscoverable elsewhere.

You who have the good fortune to remain here permanently may be curious to know what qualities lie with Monterey so alluring as to bring back, at their call, a roving tumble-weed such as I. Last night I walked under the shredding fog in my garden and tried to find an answer to just that question. I believe I did find it; and I give it to you.

First, it is the beauty of all created things hereabouts. You who live day by day with this beauty perhaps unconsciously come to accept it as a matter of course. We who are denied that beauty except on precious occasions of return, are better qualified to define it.

The hand of the Creator at work here on the peninsula was at one time that of the cathedral builder and again it was the hand of the

jeweler cutting intaglios on precious stones. On a grand scale, there is the serene and tawny beauty of the Corral de Tierra, of a day of hot sunshine, with its world of folded hills.

To fit your reverent mood there are the emerald and amethystine shadows deep in the gorge of Lobos, with all the cowed cypress monks gathered in their age-old adoration of the Lord of Created Things. Beauty rides the storm at Midway Point. And beauty shines like a silver fretwork from the spider web in your garden, all jeweled with fog drops. There is organ music in a field of poppies and wild oats rippled by the wind.

The second tug that brings me back to Monterey is the serene tempo of life here. Our peninsula is off the beaten trail of the wolf pack. The shriek and grind of the industrial engine is here drowned by the throb of the Pacific on our headlands. Here we do not hear the cries of the timid ones scurrying before bogey-men of their own imagination.

Monterey folk appear to have discovered the magic formula of peace without stagnation.

From the first settlers of the Peninsula modern folk of Monterey have inherited a quality which exerts another homeward pull on the wanderer. That quality can be no better defined than by the Spanish word *simpatico*, for which there is no exact counterpart in English.

Simpatico means a simple sincerity in conduct, an absence of pretense in the ordering of one's life, a genuine warmth of hospitality. To enjoy this unaffected cordiality of welcome the exile from Monterey returns again—and yet again.

Sunset School's Tentative Program For 1937-38 in Our Best Manner

What's going to happen in and about Sunset School beginning with the opening of the new school year at the end of August; that is, what is to happen other than the regular, but at Sunset, the exciting routine of study, has been decided upon, tentatively, as follows:

August 28, which is a Saturday, Teachers' Meeting.

August 30, Monday, little children bring big red apples to teacher properly to inaugurate the first glad day of school.

September 6, Monday, Labor Day, and no labor for the school children.

September 9, Thursday, anniversary of the day when, as did

Minerva from the brain of Jove, so 'tis said, California sprung into the union of states without first having been a territory—full blown, as it were. No school in celebration of this event which occurred, we are told, in the year 1850.

November 11, Thursday. No school because, back in 1918, the German Army decided that to cease firing was the better part of valor.

November 22, 23 and 24, a Monday, a Tuesday and a Wednesday. Teachers' Institute, which fills all Sunset children with deep sorrow because there's no school and the teachers have to attend institute or

get kicked off the payroll.

November 25. This is the day the Puritans made special efforts to shoot a turkey or two, generally missed, and we've been eating turkey ever since. Of course, no school while daddy is carving.

November 26, Friday. No school for no other reason than that the children didn't come on Thursday, so you couldn't expect them to come on Friday. Truth is that this Friday holiday is for the teachers, many of whom go out of town for turkey and don't want to have to come back until Monday.

December 18, Friday, school closes for the Christmas holidays, as it should. Nothing doing until—

January 3, 1938, when school opens of a Monday.

February 22, Tuesday. Accepted as the date of the birth of the man who was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen, but not in the heart of his wife, who was a widow when he married her. Truth is, it isn't the date of his birth, but, anyway, there's no school.

April 11 to 15. Easter recess, and if you think we're going to get facetious about this, you're crazy.

May 30, Monday. Same thing as last Monday. No school.

June 10, Friday. What will happen will be the same as what will happen next Tuesday. School will be over for another summer—in this case, the summer of 1938.

(We didn't do so bad, did we? with a typewritten list entitled "Tentative Sunset School Calendar for 1937-38," which we found on our editorial desk.)

Don Staniford, Mrs. Don, young Don and Jean went Yosemite last week, leaving on Tuesday and getting back on Friday.

two Americans met in Japan

as strangers... one returned the other day to tell us how they had talked only briefly to discover they both agreed that the best drinks they had had in America were served at the Snack in Carmel...

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